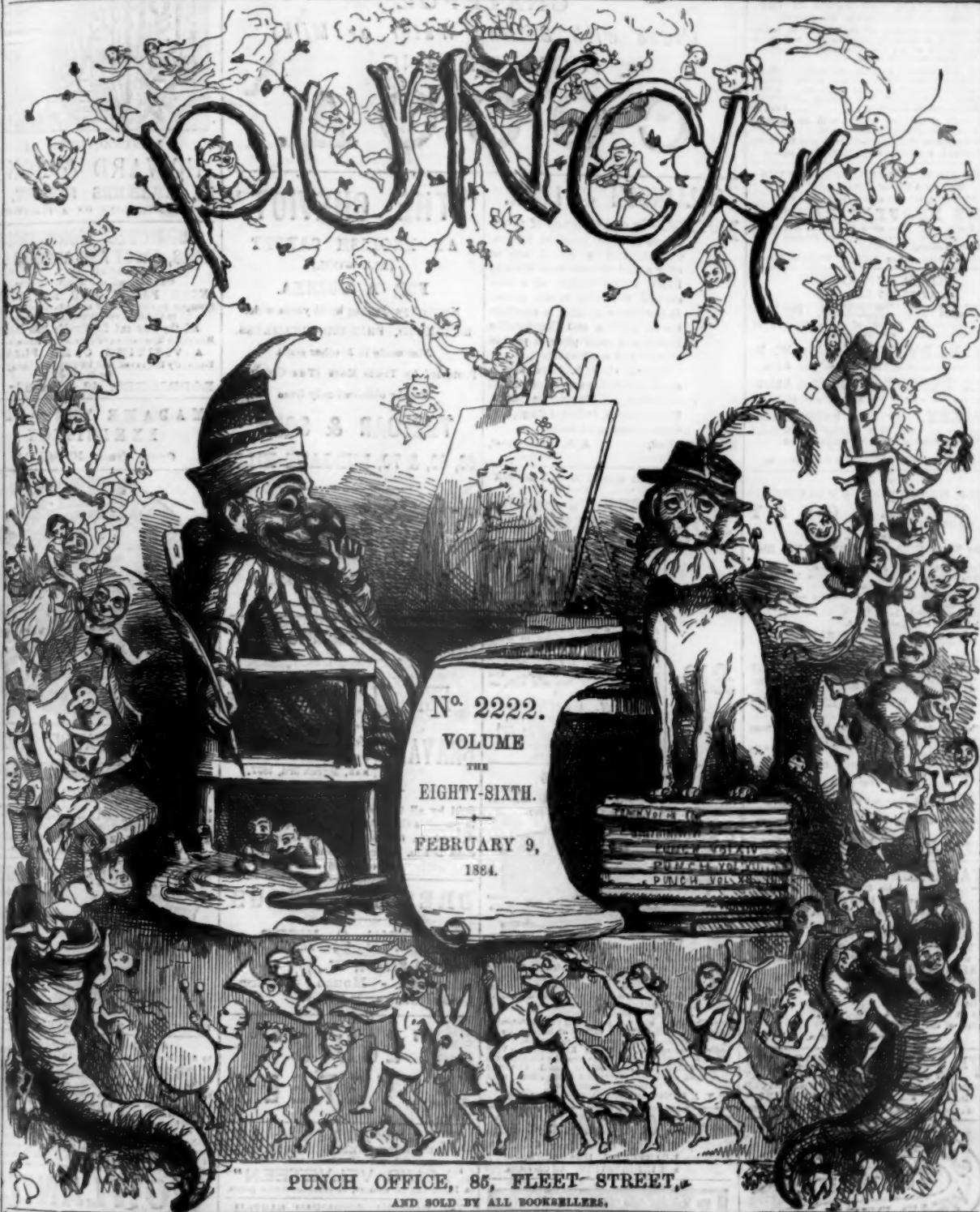


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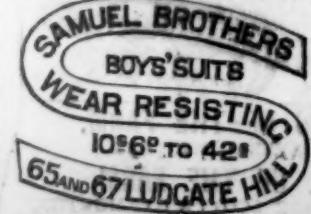
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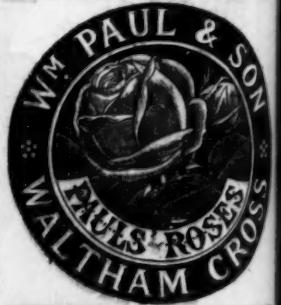
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A Good Judge too.

LORD Peter Beauchamp Majoribanks Cholmondeley Waterloo Rhodes, aged twenty, was charged, on a warrant, before Mr. TORY SPENLOW, the sitting Magistrate, with obtaining by false and fraudulent pretences, the sum of five thousand pounds from SAMUEL ISAAC JACOB MOSS, a Financial Agent, of Tottenham Court Road. The case created much interest. The Court was densely crowded, and amongst the distinguished persons who occupied seats on the Bench, were Lord ALFRED PATCHIT, Sir THOMAS WINKS, and Mr. GILLIE GARRICK.

Mr. J. P. CORN, instructed by his brother-in-law, Mr. POOPHRIES, conducted the prosecution, and Mr. LEWIS GEORGE appeared for his Lordship.

Mr. GEORGE asked his Worship if Lord WATERLOO RHODES might be accommodated with a seat on the Bench.

Mr. Tory Spenlow (the Magistrate). I am afraid I cannot quite accede to that request. Its refusal, I am certain, his Lordship will quite understand. If Lord WATERLOO RHODES had been summoned on a trivial offence, I should have been pleased to have given him a seat beside me. But his Lordship is charged, on a warrant, with fraud—and it is against all regulation for gaolers to be seated on the Bench; and, as Lord RHODES is at present in their custody, I could not invite one without the others.

The matter then dropped.

Mr. J. P. CORN, addressing his Worship, said: I must, Sir, before opening the case for the prosecution, ask your protection with regard to repeated annoyances to which I have been subjected this morning. I have received, since I have been in Court, ten notes, asking me if I am any relation to Mr. GRAINEY CORN, the popular entertainer. Of course, I do not deny that he is my brother—I will even go further, and admit I see considerable merit in his performances. But I object—I strongly object to be known only as “the brother of GRAINEY CORN.” I have conducted many notorious prosecutions getting many notorious criminals—



“I tell ‘em my brother’s—a Marquis.”

I have succeeded in

Mr. LEWIS GEORGE (interrupting). Convicted.

Mr. J. P. CORN. I must object to being interrupted by Mr. GEORGE in this manner.

The matter then dropped.

Mr. LEWIS GEORGE said: I think, if your Worship will permit me, I can save a deal of public time. His Lordship has been guilty of no fraud. A little mistake has been made.

Mr. J. P. CORN. Really, your Worship, this is most irregular. Mr. LEWIS GEORGE commences with his defence before I have even had the opportunity—

Mr. Tory Spenlow (the Magistrate). I think Mr. LEWIS GEORGE is only about to make a preliminary application respecting Lord PETER, which I think I must hear.

The matter then dropped.



Georgium Sidus.

Mr. LEWIS GEORGE. I was about to observe, your Worship, when I was rudely interrupted by Mr. GRAINEY CORN’s brother—(laughter)—

that the prosecution having advanced his Lordship five thousand pounds upon certain property—

Mr. J. P. CORN. Which his Lordship never possessed.

Mr. LEWIS GEORGE. Really, Mr. CORN, you mustn’t interrupt me like this. I repeat—advanced his Lordship five thousand pounds upon certain property which he shortly will possess.

Mr. J. P. CORN. That’s the question.

Mr. LEWIS GEORGE. Pardon me, there’s no question about it. No doubt your Client, Mr. S. I. J. MOSS, Financial Agent, of Tottenham Court Road—

Mr. J. P. CORN. I notice Mr. LEWIS GEORGE always sneers at Clients beneath the dignity of Viscount.

Mr. LEWIS GEORGE. These interruptions are most unseemly. They would do very well in one of your brother’s entertainments, but they are out of place in a Court of Justice. To proceed: Mr. MOSS naturally wants his money—he shall have it.

Mr. J. P. CORN. Upon what authority do you make that statement?

Mr. LEWIS GEORGE. My own word ought to be sufficient, but (I did not wish to mention it) I happened to meet at dinner, last night, not only his Lordship’s elder brother, the Marquis, but his father, the Duke of STRAND, and from what they said to me (in confidence) I can assure the Financial Agent that he shall have his money.

The Prosecutor stepped into the box, and said, if he had the money at once, he would withdraw the charge.

After a short consultation with his Lordship, Mr. LEWIS GEORGE said: I happen to have my cheque-book by me, and, in order to save time and satisfy the Financial Agent—my principal desire—I will write out a cheque for five thousand pounds myself.

Mr. TORY SPENLOW said he never did approve of compounding a felony, but the case of his Lordship was evidently different, and he would therefore dismiss the case.—The matter then dropped.

Later in the day, Mr. LEWIS GEORGE appeared before Mr. WHIGLY JORKINS (who had relieved Mr. TORY SPENLOW) to defend the Earl of DATCHET, who was summoned for wilfully blocking up the corner of Hamilton Place, Hyde Park, with a phaeton.

Mr. Whigly Jorkins (the Magistrate). Where’s the Defendant?

Mr. LEWIS GEORGE. He is beside your Worship, on the Bench. You have just shaken hands with him.

Mr. Whigly Jorkins. Oh! Who put him there?

Mr. LEWIS GEORGE. According to the courtesy—

Mr. Whigly Jorkins. I dare say. The Defendant must take his place in the summoning Dock. The Defendant was accordingly removed.

The matter then dropped.

A Constable having given evidence as to the alleged obstruction, Mr. WHIGLY JORKINS asked if there was any defence?

Mr. LEWIS GEORGE. His Lordship was not aware, Sir, that he had done wrong.

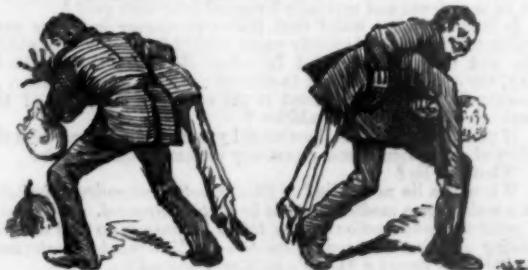
Mr. Whigly Jorkins. I will not insult the noble Earl’s intelligence for one moment, by believing that he thought he was doing right. Five days.

Mr. LEWIS GEORGE. Surely, you would not imprison his Lordship?

Mr. Whigly Jorkins. I can only fine him about twenty shillings, and what punishment is that? Five days!



The Earl of Datchet.



Police Courtiers.

The Earl of DATCHET and Mr. LEWIS GEORGE were carried fainting from the Court. The matter then dropped.

A PLAYGOER'S PROTEST.

"Their courtly associates in the house of *Clarice* unfortunately do not rise, except in dress and appearance, much above the level of the old Adelphi guests."—*St. James's Gazette*.

THEY sneer at SHAKESPEARE nowadays;
And often I reflect
BOB ROMER they would hardly praise,
Or treat him with respect!
When others scoff, 'tis sad to sing—

The Playgoer protests
Against this wholesale libelling
Of brave Adelphi Guests!

I mind me of their courtly grace
And unassuming charm;
Of how they strolled about the place,

Linked closely arm-in-arm!
They waved their Berlin fingers while

They bandied merry jests
With finished ease and pleasant smile,

O rare Adelphi Guests!

Again in fancy I admire,
And mentally recall
The wicked Earl, the honest Squire—

Both bidden to the ball.
The Majors of ferocious mien,
With thickly-padded chests;
The gushing girls in pink and green,

O grand Adelphi Guests!

Once more I hear the merry tune,

I see the chaste quadrille;
And in the sparsely-gilt saloon
The Guests are dancing still!
Talk not to me of high-class plays,

Or Drama's interests;
The Drama's dead in modern days—

We've no Adelphi Guests!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 173.



PHINEAS T. BARNUM,

BIGGEST SHOWMAN IN THE WORLD; BAR—NONE.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL CATECHISM.

FOLLOWING the example of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Punch proposes to address a set of questions to Members of Parliament, in view of the proximate resumption of their Legislative duties at St. Stephen's. These questions, however, will not be confined to one side of the House only, and will differ considerably in character and object from those upon the successful outcome of which our contemporary so complacently plumes itself. The following specimens will give some idea of the nature of *Mr. Punch's* Political Catechism:

1. What is your conception of the function of a Representative of the People? (a) Subservient flattery; (b) Crotchetty independence; or (c) some rational and mutually honourable *tertium quid*?

2. Is it your sincere belief that Hole-cum-Corner (or other your constituency) is so conspicuously preeminent in intelligence, public spirit, and magnanimity, that (a) what Hole-cum-Corner thinks to-day, the country will think to-morrow; (b) the representation of Hole-cum-Corner in Parliament is the crown and summit of the highest conceivable human ambition?

3. If you do not think so, how would you candidly characterise the practice of emphatically and repeatedly protesting that you do?

4. What is a lie?

5. When is a lie not a lie? (*This is not a conundrum imitated from a well-known model, as might be hastily supposed. It is hoped that great care and caution will be taken in answering this and the preceding question. A candid opinion on this point is extremely committal, and covers a deal of political ground.*)

6. Does your idea of "independence" include (a) The right to "nag" your political leaders at every opportunity, and vote against your party on every important division; (b) The right to besmirch and be-pamphletise any particular leader who has incurred your dis-

like, after the fashion of Mr. ISCAROT; (c) The privilege of pledging yourself to a particular vote, when sore-pressed at a public meeting, and of casuistically wriggling out of it when put to the proof, in the style of Mr. FITZ-PENDRAGON?

7. What is your opinion of the frying-pan as a weapon of offence and defence amongst Gentlemen?

8. Is there any essential difference between striking an opponent with a dirty kitchen-utensil, and assailing him with undeserved abuse and insulting innuendo?

9. What, in your opinion, would be the solid residuum of fact and sense, if from the ordinary party-harangue were deducted, (a) Falsehood; (b) Foul language; (c) Malicious misrepresentation; (d) Wanton imputation of base motives; (e) Rank nonsense?

10. Do you really believe that your political opponents—that is to say, approximately, one half of your fellow-countrymen—are idiots, or villains, or both?

11. Do you not believe that anyone who really did think so would be qualified for a lunatic asylum?

12. Is it not, nevertheless, quite common to attribute to honourable and patriotic political opponents motives that would have shocked TARTUFFE, and maxims that would have disgraced TIRUS OATES?

13. Apart from political life, would not a person indulging in such language be looked upon as either a lunatic or a liar?

14. Is imbecility or untruthfulness less disgraceful in a politician than in other men? If so, why? If not so, is not the stupid slanderer (in politics) as truly "bad form" as any other sort of abusive "cad"? And if all parliamentary "cads" (in this sense) were (as surely they should be) "sent to Coventry," how many Members would be found sitting for that interesting Constituency?

Mr. Punch will be pleased to make known the results—if any—of this Catechism, which he is sure will be as interesting to the general Public as the more professional inquisition of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

IDLE TALK.

It is satisfactory to find that the Zoological Society have repudiated the proposed exhibition of so-called religious rites in connection with the White Elephant. Can this account for the following advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*?

IDOLS.—FOR SALE, a collection (five pieces) of Buddhist and Hindu IDOLS, specially selected. Price £10.—Address, for view, &c.

No doubt the Agents of BARNUM will secure these at once. For the American, having seen Jumbo, will require something more than a discoloured Elephant for their money.

New Song of Society.

Esoteric Ephemerion sings—

I'd be a Buddha-fly,
Live on Club ana.
SINNETT and ARNOLD, die,
Go to—Nirvana!

THE *Athenaeum* says that "M. VAN DAM is preparing an English translation of M. DE MAUPAS' *History of the Coup d'Etat*. It will be shortly published by Messrs. J. S. VIRTUE & Co." Good gracious! Fancy strict VIRTUE coming out with a big, big D! We wish the publication every success, and hope that the Critics will not Dam it with faint praise, or say that it is not up to the Author's usual mark, and therefore not worth a DAM.

THE RIGHT SORT OF PIANO FOR A COMPANY (LIMITED).—A Bord.



DEMORALISING EFFECT OF THE FEMALE GAZE ON THE HIGHLY-STRUNG ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

IT WILL BE OBSERVED THAT CLAUDE AND PETER PAUL ARE LOOKING AT THEIR CANVASSES WHEN THEIR EYES OUGHT TO BE INTENT ON THEIR PALETTES—AND VICE VERSA !

"ALL IN TO BEGIN!"

SCENE—*The Outside of St. Stephen's Show.*

"All in to begin!" There's been huge preparation ;
A hundred rehearsals at least have been tried.
Of talent you'll find a most rare combination!
Magnificent Company! Just step inside!
Whoop! All the old favourites smarter than ever,
With new parts that fit them right down to the ground.
A troop of true "Stars" more prodigiously clever
Are not in the whole of the Fair to be found.

Walk up! Just in time! just in time, friends! No waiting!
New properties got up regardless of cost!
Just step up and prove 'tis the truth I am stating!
Now, Gentlemen, now! there's no time to be lost.
Tremendous attractions! Most startling sensations!
Entirely new piece by an Eminent Hand!
Press teams with most flattering recommendations;
GUS HARRIS not in it this time, understand!

The "Stars" will walk round, Gen-tle-men, on the platform.
Now then! Rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub!
Ah, where will you look for an equal to *that* form?
From WILL with the chopper to WILL with the club,
They are simply first-chop. Look at JOEY. Just twig him!
Most artful, elastic, and cheeky of Clowns,
Our rivals endeavour to slate and to whig him;
But can't we just trust him to pull in the browns?

Roo-tle-too! Awful combat twixt Virtue and villainy.
Bandit a little bit small, but what odds?
If the Public have liking for pluck, cheek, and skill any,
RANDY must fetch them, he'll bring down the "gods."
Two up, and two under! The midget's a wonder!
Lord! how he lays on like a pocket Macduff!
And though Wirtuous WILL will down on him like thunder,
At least he'll allow that his foeman has stuff.

Then, what a Strong Man! Twig his midriff and muscle!

Before that big grip, that Herculean club,
The Snappingest Turtle must quail in the tussle.
The true Modern Milo, Sirs! Rub-a-dub-dub!
Our dark Heavy Villain the Cockneys call thrillin',
He's really A 1 at the scowl and the cloak,
And if there's an opening for sneering or killin',
He's always on hand with the snarl or the stroke.

Whoop! Harlequin! Talk about smart transformations,
Just see what our CHARLEY can do in that style!
See, Slum-dwelling, reeking with a-bom-i-na-tions!
Hey presto! The trim little villa fronts smile!
Then look at our genuine genial Old 'Un!

No peace of his life, the dear worthy old joker,

Along of jump JOXY, that brazen, bad, bold 'un,

Who's always somewhere near his rear with the poker!

Then, if you like anything Nautechy and Coptic,
Cast eyes on our PUSS-HEE, licks SARA as Sphinx!
Mr. LONG could not paint you a black almond optic
To wipe PUSS-HEE's eye at soft smiles or sly winks,
And, if you've a fancy for dark necromancy,

Our Northampton Bogey-Ghost-Banshee— But there!

His chance of success seems a leetle bit "chancy,"

So let's leave him out of the fun of the fair.

Now you with the gong, if you'll just stop that banging,

The Public,—and bless 'em!—may hear my remarks.

Whoop! Just going in! Bar Hibernian slanging,

JOHN BULL may look out for exceptional larks.

Walk up! Leading Actor, though older, is grander,

And seems in the merriest possible pin.

The season's success under such a commander

Looks promising! Walk up! All in to begin!

THE NEW OATH.—The Conservatives swear "by Jingo!" the ultra Radicals "by GEORGE!"

**LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE
ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.**

To Miss Ellen Terry, in America, on the New Piece at the Lyceum.

MY DEAR MISS ELLEN TERRY,

I HASTEN to fulfil my promise of writing to you while you are in America, to inform you how things are going on at the Lyceum in the absence of yourself and HENRY IRVING. Miss MARY ANDERSON, who has to do duty for you both, and represents Youth and Beauty combined (I hope you will take this as a graceful allusion to yourself and HENRY IRVING), has made, as you may have already heard, a remarkable success in the statuesque part of *Galatea*, and has now achieved another triumph as *Clarice* in the one-Act Play of *Comedy and Tragedy*, which is announced in the bill as having been "specially written" for her by Mr. W. S. GILBERT.

The scene is laid in Paris during the Regency of the Duc d'ORLÉANS. The exquisite costumes are of the period of LEWIS—WINGFIELD. A chief feature of Mr. HAWES CRAVEN's brilliant scene is a splendid staircase, more suitable for what Mrs. Gamp might have called "*Claridge's*" than *Clarice's* house. It reminded me of a similar arrangement of scene in *Lords and Commons* at the Haymarket. Clarice, an Actress, virtuous as she is beautiful, is the wife of a Captain d'Aulnay, who, to be near her, has thrown up his commission in the Army, and has accepted an engagement as an Actor.

The licentious Duc d'Orléans, not a whit worse, by the way, than those by whom he was surrounded, and not so bad as some of them, has persecuted her with his attentions, and insulted her by his dishonourable proposals, which, I suppose, would have been considered honourable at that period by the majority of young and beautiful Actresses on the Stage, when morals were muddled, and Cardinal Dubois was anything but the representative of the cardinal virtues. Of course, in our highly respectable Nineteenth Century, which is graced by our existence, we are horrified at even the possibility of such things happening, and sympathise as deeply with *Clarice* as our great great grandmothers did with RICHARDSON's



The Duke, his Grace; a View near Barnes.

Clarissa. As Monsieur d'Aulnay, by becoming an Actor, had, *ipso facto*, sacrificed his position as a Gentleman (wasn't this a curious state of Society?), the Duc d'Orléans could no more have accepted a challenge from him than from his own butler; so the beautiful and virtuous Madame d'Aulnay and her honourable, high-spirited, and indignant husband, ex-Captain, and now Actor, conspired together to entrap the Duke, and not only to thrash him, but, if possible, to murder him; giving the Duke, however, one chance, which was that of killing D'Aulnay before D'Aulnay had time to kill him. This might be called all fair in love and war—I say it might be called so—for anything more mean, pitiful, and vile, on the part of such a virtuous and highly honourable couple, I own I cannot well conceive. However, the trap is laid in the house of *Clarice*, the bait is a supper, with the addition of *Clarice* herself *d'croquet* at the sweet to follow, when the wicked Duke will get his dessert. It really reminds me of the conduct of the eminently respectable couple, Mr. and Mrs. MANNING, whose wax effigies are, I believe, still among the attractions of the Chamber of Horrors.

Well, the Duc d'Orléans, accompanied by his friends, foremost among whom is the Abbé Dubois, who, by the way, was at that time a Cardinal, comes to the bachelor party given by *Clarice*, who has led the gullible Regent to suppose that she has been for some time separated from her husband, and is, therefore, a free and decidedly easy woman: naturally the Duke, who professes profligacy, exclaims, with the Baron Gondromac, in *La Vie*, "Vat a larks!" and is perfectly ready to take advantage, it must be admitted, in the most courtly manner, of such an occasion.

Clarice sends her guests upstairs (I said the staircase was very useful) to amuse themselves as best they can at gambling in a side room off the gallery while she detains the Regent below, lures him to a sofa, and just when he is beginning to pass the border line of the most respectful admiration, and has actually clasped with one hand the back of—the sofa, in pops Mr. d'Aulnay by the window, very much as honest Captain Crawley came in suddenly and surprised the virtuous Marquis of Steyne on his knees to the immaculate *Becky Sharp*. "This is a trap," says the Duc d'Orléans. "Yes, it is," reply the high-minded, respectable couple. And then, in order to qualify himself for murdering the Duc d'Orléans (a puffy, heavy-bodied, over-fed, flabby voluptuary, in comparison with the

dapper, active, spry, and determined ex-captain), Monsieur d'Aulnay tears up his actor's engagement without giving a fortnight's notice, and putting his Manager to great inconvenience, unless there was an understudy ready at hand; and then the Duke, stretching a point in his favour, consents to go out in the back garden and fight him,



Regent and—Caught.

on condition, however, that this little episode should never be mentioned to any one—except, of course, Mr. W. S. GILBERT; and so strictly has this promise been kept that though, as I understood from the action and dialogue, dapper little Monsieur d'Aulnay killed the elephantine *roué* in the aforesaid back garden, yet historians, ignorant of this fact, have represented the Duc d'Orléans as dying of apoplexy four months after the decease of Cardinal Dubois, and eight months after he had ceased to be Regent.

While the Duke and her husband are fighting outside, *Clarice*, who has locked the door and window, and given the key to a doctor, entertains her guests—who, tired of gambling in the little back-room off the gallery, are now sprawling on the staircase and grouped about the stage—with an improvisation which interests them and amuses them mightily. All this time she knows that either her husband is killing the Duke, or the Duke killing her husband, being ten to one in favour of the former, and they are fighting so absurdly near the house that the clashing of swords is perfectly audible—they must have been cavalry sabres or pantomime broadswords to have made such a noise—and at last, when *Clarice* hardly knows whether she is standing on her head or her heels, and settles the difficulty by dropping down on to the floor, a loud sigh, or sort of a howl, is heard, suggestive of a violent fit of indigestion, and we all felt instinctively among the audience that it was the "bitter cry" of the overfed voluptuary, and we were right, for the next second in again pops through the window Captain D'Aulnay—his time is passed in popping in and out of this window—and we all presumed that the Duke had been left quivering on a daisy. He pleasantly informed his wife that the voluptuary's goose was finally cooked, at which *Clarice* appeared delighted; and nobody took any sort of trouble to go out and see what had become of the Regent of France.

Now, as to the acting. You will at once ask me how is it possible for any one to adequately represent the part of an intensely virtuous, highly respectable, and honourable couple, of whom one, the wife, plays the part of the decoy, and the other, the husband, the rôle of a bully? A virtuous and respectable *Becky Sharp* is a contradiction in terms; but Miss MARY ANDERSON having chosen the part for herself, plays it, and assumes the responsibility of the interpretation.

She looks it to perfection, and from a certain point of view, which must be her own, or she would not have selected the piece, plays it admirably. I can imagine what SARAH BERNHARDT would have done with it, but she could never have enlisted the sympathies of the audience as an honest wife; but the Actress who can enlist the sympathies of the audience by acting as a Lucretia could but imperfectly portray the seductive caresses of a Phryne. Miss ANDERSON sacrifices the Phryne to the Lucretia, and her consistently impossible character is entirely in keeping with the utterly artificial and purely theatrical situation. The recitation with which *Clarice* attempts to entertain her sprawling guests (it must have been the dullest party conceivable) has been ingeniously devised and cleverly written. It is at once the *tour-de-force* of both Author and Actress.

Give my love to HENRY IRVING—he will be delighted to hear that the Lyceum keeps up its old reputation, that it is as choke-full every night as when you, and himself, and all his talented Company, with all his beautiful scenery, were playing *Much Ado About Nothing*. Hoping to see you again soon, and promising to keep you well posted up in all theatrical matters that may interest you, I remain,

Your old friend,

NIBBS.

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"ALL IN"

LONDON & MARIVARL.—FEBRUARY 9, 1884.



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HUNTING PUZZLE. NO. 2.

HOW TO GET THAT WHIP?

VIVE LA CHIFFE!

(Notes on the Next Revolution.)

First Day.—The Government had sat up all night, until M. GRÉVY declared that, at his age, he could stand it no longer, and would rather resign at once, without putting by anything more out of his Civil List. This brought matters to a crisis, and M. FERRY's valiant and concise programme, Resistance, had just been voted, when a deputation from La Chiffe demanded to be heard. "Washed or unwashed?" inquired the Cabinet, who had pungent recollections of recent interviews. "Unwashed!" roared the rebels, defiantly, breaking into the Council Chamber, and immediately proving that theirs was no vain boast. Their ultimatum was concise and explicit: Firstly, the municipal, or rather the prefectorial boxes are to be esteemed private boxes, one for each *chiffonnier*; secondly, everything in the loathsome shape of a *propriétaire* must fill his box night and morning with pictures, old china, and bronzes.

Ministers consulted. On their return, La Chiffe was strewed on its back all over the Elysée, and M. GRÉVY's cellar was void.

Second Day.—Informed of the fact that the Chambers had refused to accept their conditions—relying on the assurance of M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC that he would pull them through—La Chiffe immediately, though unsteadily, descended into the street, and raised the banner of revolution—the largest rag in their possession, bearing the noble motto: "Tout pour la Chiffe et par la Chiffe." At every street corner, as if by magic, rose barricades of rubbish-boxes and dust-carts. Five Provisional Governments sat in so many wine-shops, and issued proclamations in the name of La Chiffe.

Third Day.—The "Sorters" had hardly succumbed to the repeated assaults of the "Pickers," when the "paper" dealers intervened, with superior capital, and, by dint of bribery and corruption, proclaimed themselves a Constitutional Assembly. But the rag-merchants insisting on a Senate, it was agreed to toss for it over fifty thousand litres of potato-brandy.

And at the nine thousand and third litre, the shadow of two cocked hats on the wall dispersed the Revolution, which was already being rapidly asphyxiated by the accumulation of rubbish. Governing doesn't always mean removing nuisances.

JUMBO AND TAOUNG.

(A Spirit Colloquy.)

SAYS TAOUNG to JUMBO, talking of the times,
"I'm very glad we are not men, they're most preposterous mimes.
They'll worship any brand-new god,
BARNUM, or GEORGE, or MUMBO.
I find the midgets mighty odd."
"Oh, right you are!" says JUMBO.

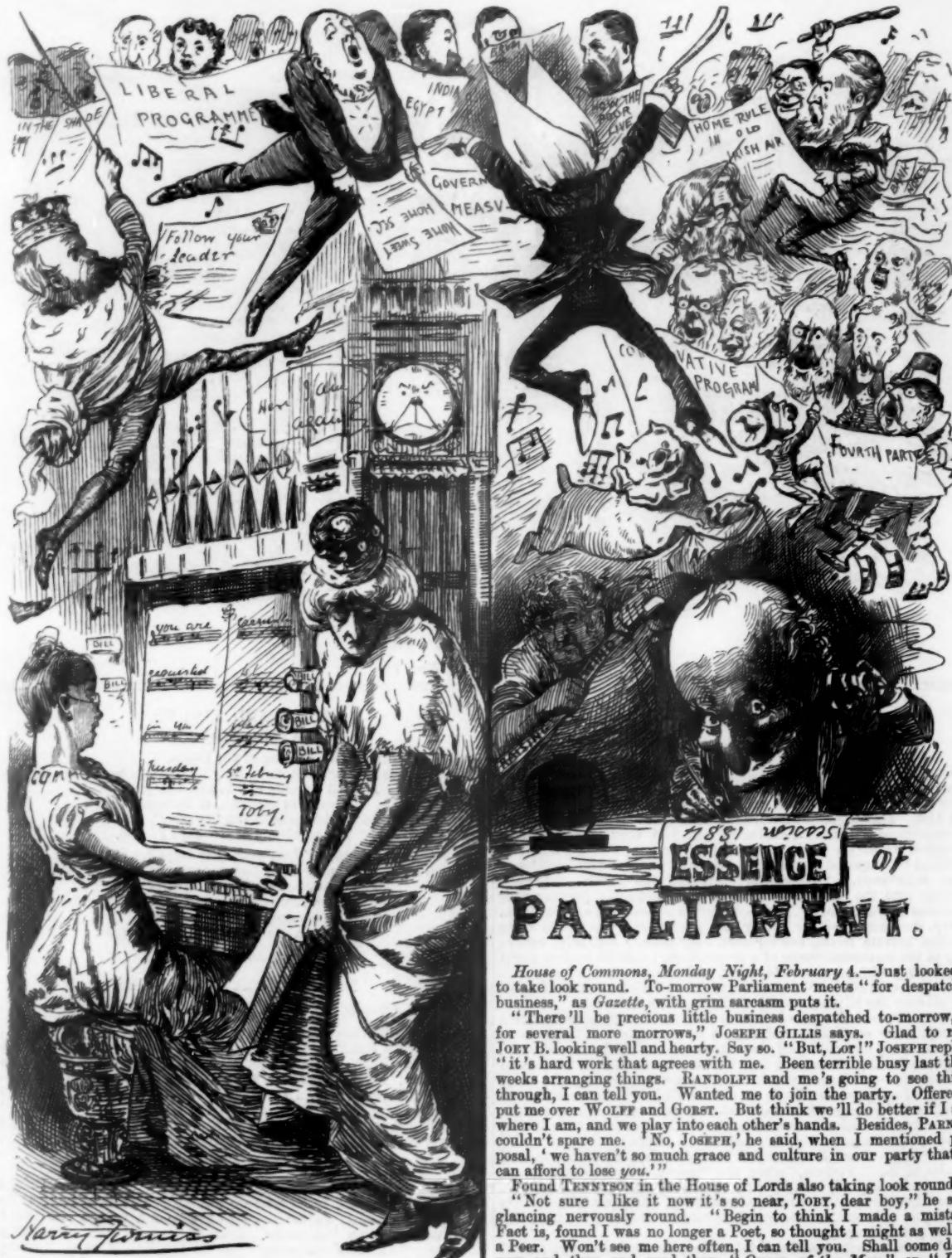
SAYS JUMBO to TAOUNG, "Last year they wept for me,
And now they're running after you, a greater fraud can't be.
The pendulum of their wild wits
'Twas Proteus, I should say, who hung.
They beat rogue-elephants to bits!"
"What's that to us?" says TAOUNG.

"Props" of the Constitution.

(Sure to be in use during the Coming Session.)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S Eye-Glass; LORD RANDOLPH's Moustache; MR. WARTON'S Snuff-Box; LORD HARTINGTON's tip-tilted Hat; the Sergeant-at-Arms' Beetle Costume (complete); LORD SALISBURY'S Frock-Coat; Duke of ARGYLE'S Cock-a-too "Front;" MR. BRADLAUGH'S Umbrella; MR. LABOUCHERE'S Cigarette; Sir STAFFORD'S Spectacles; MR. BIGGAR'S "Latin;" the LORD MAYOR'S "Greek;" MR. NEWDEGATE'S Neck-tie; MR. FORSTER'S Boots; and last, but certainly not least, MR. GLADSTONE'S Collars.

WHY NOT?—"Actors' Saturday"? Capital institution. Brings in a lot of money for those who do not happen to be coining it as Managers or public favourites. But why not extend the idea? Why not establish "Authors' Saturday" at all the circulating libraries; "Painters' Saturday" at all the Exhibitions; "Journalists' Saturday" at all the News-vendors; and "Musicians' Saturday" at all the Concerts? Why should not every dog have his day as well as those uncommonly lucky dogs the Actors?



*House of Commons, Monday Night, February 4.—Just looked in to take look round. To-morrow Parliament meets "for despatch of business," as *Gazette*, with grim sarcasm puts it.*

"There'll be precious little business despatched to-morrow, or for several more morrows," JOSEPH GILLIS says. Glad to meet JOEY B. looking well and hearty. Say so. "But, Lor!" JOSEPH replies, "it's hard work that agrees with me. Been terrible busy last three weeks arranging things. RANDOLPH and me's going to see things through, I can tell you. Wanted me to join the party. Offered to put me over WOLFF and GORST. But think we'll do better if I stop where I am, and we play into each other's hands. Besides, PARNELL couldn't spare me. No, JOSEPH," he said, when I mentioned proposal, "we haven't so much grace and culture in our party that we can afford to lose you."

Found TENNYSON in the House of Lords also taking look round.

"Not sure I like it now it's so near, Tony, dear boy," he said, glancing nervously round. "Begin to think I made a mistake. Fact is, found I was no longer a Poet, so thought I might as well be a Peer. Won't see me here often, I can tell you. Shall come down now and then and read them "*Queen of the May*," or "*Lotos Eaters*"; but don't feel up to debate on Franchise or Merchant Shipping. Besides, I know SHERBROOKE would be taking my cloak in



A REALIST!

Miss Cribbleton (questioning Old Sailor with a view to "Copy" for her thrilling Novel in the Mayfair Magazine). "DEAR ME! WHAT A DREADFUL SHIPWRECK! AND HOW DID YOU FEEL WHEN THE BILLOWS WERE BREAKING OVER YOU?"

Old Salt. "WET, MAM—VERY WET!"

[She gives him up?

mistake for his Inverness, which becomes bore after third time. So short-sighted, you know."

Sir HENRY BRAND here, too.

"Sorry you are going to leave us," I said. "Successor may be a good man, but you are hard to beat. It's like House of Lords taking the orange and leaving us the Peel."

"Not at all, not at all, TOBY," says SPEAKER, blushing. (Wonderful how the young thing blushes yet. But he's seen a good many things in the House of Commons.) "You will see a good deal of me yet. Know I can't stand a House that gets through its work between five and six in the afternoon. Still mean to have my chop between eight and nine, and back again in a quarter of an hour. Worst of it is, I know that first few nights at least I'll be calling out, 'Order! order!' as I rise to leave my seat in Peers' Gallery. Must put check on myself."

GLADSTONE bustling round in high spirits and still higher collar.

"Never felt fresher in my life," he says. "Been awfully bored for last three months. Scarcely anything to do. Had rather good time last Thursday. Received four deputations, and made four speeches in one morning. Just gave me appetite for lunch. But that's only once in a way. Now life begins. Going to have lively times. Think we shall see something this Session. Sorry you wouldn't move Address. But genius and greatness are ever modest."

True for WILLIAM, though I say it that shouldn't. Off home to bed early. Shan't get another chance for six months.

PROSPECTS OF SUNSHINE.

It is a remark rather commonly made just now, that "Reform is in the air." If that is a fact, then perhaps we may hope for brighter weather.

"STARVATION COVE"—Alderman PORTSOKEN who knows nothing of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and his ill-fated Expedition, has been put on short commons by his Physician, and declares "Sir ANDREW" to be the real "Starvation Cove!"

ANOTHER WHITE ELEPHANT.

THERE is a certain eminent Minister who, like another BARNUM, has long been seeking for something that would render him famous, and he has selected, as his huge White Elephant, the most gigantic Municipality the world has ever seen. He has been at infinite pains to persuade incredulous Londoners that it really is what he states it to be—a beautiful White Elephant, and certain members of the Press have expressed themselves very freely upon the subject.

The *Daily News* says that although not absolutely white, it is not nearly so dark as its predecessor, the Corporation *Jumbo*. The *Times* says it would rather wait to see how it will look when well washed, before giving an opinion. The *Standard* says that it is a gross impostor, and the sooner it is got rid of the better, as, if allowed to grow to his full size, he would in all probability prove to be very dangerous. The *Economist* says that he seems likely to prove a huge, unwieldy, unmanageable monster, and certainly not worth the enormous cost it will require to keep him going; while its three faithful attendants, commonly known as the three solemn Leagueurs, declare, with all due solemnity, that it is exactly what it is represented to be, that they have fondly watched over it from the day of its birth, that it bears all the marks of being what the PREMIER would probably call "Reul Jam." Its huge unwieldy size no one can dispute. Its softness is emblematic of the heads of those upon whom it is to be imposed. Its long tail is represented by the long train of eager enthusiasts who are looking forward for a share of his cakes and ale; and its square chest by the mighty money-bags requisite to hold the Rates of the future.

But all in vain; the Public refuse to believe in him, but pass on to their several avocations, smiling somewhat contemptuously at the large amount of fuss made by the eager attendants on both the unlucky White Elephants, whose credentials they continue to doubt, and whose usefulness they fail to appreciate.

THE VERY PLACE FOR LES JEUNES "SPORTS" PARISIENS.—*Coaching China.*

GREATER LONDON.

(A Story of the Immediate Future.)

THE Traveller had left St. Paul's for more than two hours, and was still travelling underground in the direction of the broad Atlantic. He looked at his electric distance-marker, and found that he had journeyed some hundreds of miles. At length the train stopped, and he was told he had reached the terminus. He looked out, and saw, half obliterated, on a notice-board the words, " Land's End, Cornwall."

" Come, I have escaped at last!" he murmured. And then, to be quite sure that he was at length out of London, he asked a passing porter, " What is the name of this Station?"

" West Kensington, Sir," was the prompt reply.

The Traveller stamped with rage. Then he tore his hair. Then he jumped into a train just leaving the platform. He found that he had got into an Express. He tore through the earth (the line was underground) for hours—perhaps for days. Once he fancied he saw St. Paul's, but it might have been only a fancy. But on went the iron horse, on and on. It came to a standstill at last. He put his head out of window, and recognised the sea. Apparently he had reached the Norfolk or Yorkshire coast.

" Where am I?" was his question.

" East Kensington, Sir," replied the Guard, touching his cap. " We have only got as far as this at present, Sir. The line to the new buildings will be ready in a month or so."

The Traveller foamed at the mouth.

" Can I never be quit of this hateful Metropolis?" he shouted, and once more jumped into a just-departing train. This time he was hurried towards Scotland. Most of the line was underground, but now and again he caught a glimpse of scenery (covered with houses), which showed him that he was travelling towards the land of the Gael. At length the train was again brought to a standstill.

A Highland Station-Master opened the door of the carriage.

" Have I reached Inverness?" asked the Traveller, alighting.

" Inverness!! There's jist na sich place!" replied the Official with the broadest of broad accents. " Ye've jist come to Narthe Kensington!" The Traveller shrieked. But there was one thing to be done. He retraced his steps. And now he journeyed towards India. For months and months he hurried on. Nay, his excursion consumed the better part of a year. He felt the heat of the equator, which gradually gave place to antarctic cold. Covered with furs, at length he reached the spot, which was, he felt sure, the Antipodes of the North Pole. As far as he could see, there was snow and ice, amid things that looked like smoking chimney-pots.

" I am alone!" he murmured. " Still this is good—I have left London behind me! At last I am satisfied."

At this moment he noticed a native of the place. The man was a dwarf, and evidently belonged to some race similar to the Esquimaux. The Traveller questioned this strange-looking person, but without effect. The native spoke an odd sort of language, quite unlike any European tongue. At length the Traveller succeeded, by signs, in making the resident know that he was anxious to learn the name of the place to which he had come. Could the native say where the Traveller was? He could, and would. And his answer was the last words that the Traveller ever heard, for they killed him.

When asked for the name of the place on which they were standing, the native replied, " South Kensington!!!"

PLAYFUL FACTS AND FANCIES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WAS prevented by circumstances, over which I had no control (I like to be original in the selection of my phrases), from being present at the initial performance of *Camaralzaman* at the Gaiety Theatre. The next morning I eagerly bought four of the daily papers to learn from them some particulars about the performance of the night before. I was greatly gratified to find from the *Daily Telegraph* that "the story of the old Persian Legend" was told with admirable directness and point," and that the play "was to all intents a Drama, well-constructed and intelligible to the most careless observer." Glancing at the *Times*, however, I was sorry to notice that the Critic of that journal was evidently "the most careless observer," if, indeed, not something worse, as that Gentleman was forced to admit that the story "was by no means clear to his unassisted understanding." Turning to the *Daily News*, the representative of that admirable journal boldly asserted that "the Author was loudly called for, but did not appear," an announcement flatly contradicted by the proverbially courteous *Morning Post*, which declared that "Mr. BURNAND appeared, and bowed his acknowledgments." When Doctors differ, who shall agree?—Yours ever,

A PUZZLED PLAYGOER.

WHAT THE NORTHAMPTON RADICALS DESIRE.—*Labour-cherie.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a stamped and directed Envelope or Cover.

IRRESOLUTION.

SCENE—The Home Office. Tables covered with huge heaps of official returns, from the Corporation, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the Thirty-Eight Districts of the Metropolis.

The HOME SECRETARY discovered, looking weary and worn. He throws himself back in his uneasy chair, and soliloquises—

To be, or not to be, that is the question;—
Whether 'tis better for awhile to suffer
The harmless follies of the Corporation;
Or to bring on myself a sea of troubles,
Much easier raised than ended. To pass my Bill,—
No more; and by a Bill, to say we end
The headache, and the thousand natural worries
That place is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To pass my Bill;—
To pass! perchance to fail;—ay there's the rub!
And in that fierce debate what Cads will come,
When they have shuffled much in that turmoil,
And give me their paws! There's the respect
That makes calamity of my bored life;
For who would bear the patronage of FROTH,
The oppressive candour of that proud man BEALE,
The pangs of chaffing DILKE, SELBORNE's delay,
The insolence of CHAMBERLAIN, and the spurns
My patient merit of the PREMIER takes,
When he himself might peace and quiet make
By mere inaction? Who would boredom bear,
To groan and sweat under official life,
But that the thought of doing something great—
That undiscovered thing, that seldom comes
To poor Home Secretaries—urges me on,
Though I would rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that I know not of?
Thus, too, sharp Londoners, poor cowards all,
May think—if so, I pall in resolution.
My enterprise, though of great pith and moment,
Which none regard, and which seems all awry,
Loses the name of action.

THE RIGHTS AND WISDOM OF JURIES.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—This is an age of sham sentiment and sickly gush, and those who were once considered—and rightly, too—the most practical common-sense nation in Europe, have developed into a conglomeration of snivelling idiots. Wipe out the name "England" from the map, and substitute "Colney Hatch." One day we are mandarin over an over-sized beast, whose departure from these shores I, for one, rejoiced at; the next we are shedding maniacs' tears over the arrival of an over-sized black king more hideous, if possible, than the departed monster. Then we shriek over another enormity; and, as if that was not low enough for us to fall, we select a lower depth in admiring and adulting the British Jury. What next?

I may tell you candidly that I have the greatest contempt for the British Juryman. A smug-faced tradesman, with no ideas beyond the contents of his till, and his knowledge that his Queen's Taxes and Water-Rates have been paid, linked to a female whose mind cannot extend beyond her brats and her servants' delinquencies, is, I confess, no character before whom I can fall down and worship.

I will ask Mr. CHARLES READE a few simple questions:—
Has he ever been wrongfully accused of forgery?
Has he ever been put on his trial for that offence?
Has a Jury ever found him Guilty?
Has he ever undergone eighteen months' hard labour, resulting from that finding?

BECAUSE I HAVE!

But enough. I think I have shown, without any bias or prejudice, that this present admiration for British Jurymen is absurdly excessive and despicably weak.

Yours sincerely,
A LATE INMATE OF THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—Mr. CHARLES READE's letter deserves to be printed in gold, and I can heartily endorse every word he has said with regard to a case of my own. I was committed for trial not long ago at Bow Street Police-Court. At the Central Criminal Court, the Grand Jury returned a true bill, evidence was dead against me, the Judge summed-up strongly—even more strongly than the Counsel for the Prosecution—for a conviction, and twelve honest men and true, without leaving the box, found a verdict of Not Guilty. All honour to them, and to Mr. READE.

Yours thankfully,
L. P. LOADER.



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ALLANS ANTI FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE. Effectively
reduces weight 2 to 5 lbs.
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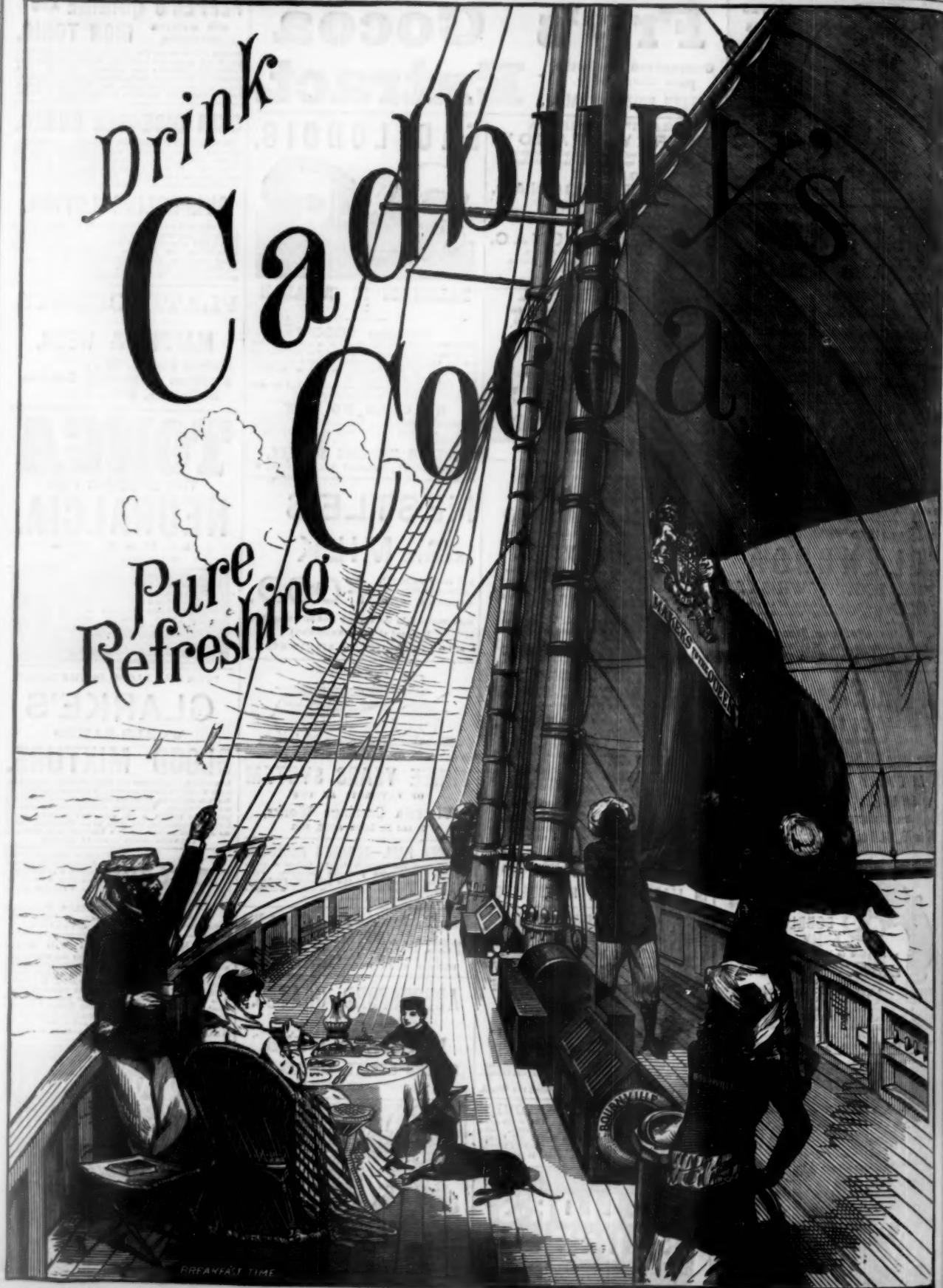
DEAR VANITY.—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. It is called "Glykaline," three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will instantly do away with the most obstinate of colds.—"Talon Rouge," Vandy Fair, March 17, 1877. GLYKALINE, prepared by LEATH & ROBB, 6, St. Paul's, and 9, Vaux St., W. All Chemists, 1s. 6d. and 2s.; posy, 1s. 6d. and 2s.

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